

Shall we throw needless woe on our sad heart bereft ?
Or, grown tearfully wise, look with pain-chastened eyes
at the joys that are left ?

For the tree that we see on the landscape so fair,
When we hie to it nigh, may be fruitless and bare ;
While the vine that doth twine 'neath the blades of
the grass,
With sweet nourishment rife, holds the chalice of life to-
ward our lips as we pass.

So with hope let us grope for what joys we may find ;
Let not fears, let not tears make us heedless or blind ;
Let us think, while we drink the sweet pleasures that
are,
That in sea or in ground many gems may be found that
outdazzle the star.

There be deeds that may fill needs we have suffered
in vain,
There be smiles whose pure wiles may yet banish
our pain,
And the heaven to us given may be found ere we die ;
For God's glory and grace, and His great holy place, are
not all in the sky.